

CRAFTSMAN'S views on this subject, as well as on some others, were endorsed by Grand Lodge. We opposed the scheme in the interests of the Craft, and that opposition coming from an unexpected quarter was viewed as unbiassed, and hence met with hearty support.

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The most humorous speech delivered at the recent meeting of Grand Lodge was that of R. W. Bro. Mitchell, Grand Treasurer. Bro. Mitchell's alleged portrait appeared in one of the evening papers, but it was such a caricature that the Grand Treasurer seized the excellent text, and made the members roar and roar as he hurled his shafts of wit and sarcasm at the "unfortunate publisher," who occupied a seat on the platform.

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What authority had certain members of Grand Lodge, during its session, for placing the numbers of the districts before the names? In the Constitution, as amended, the names precede the numbers, and to designate the districts in any other way than that laid down in the Constitution is an irregularity, if not a direct violation of enacted laws. We hope the Grand Secretary, in preparing the copy for the printed proceedings, will conform to the Constitution rather than to the whims of brethren who are at times erratic.

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A case came before Grand Lodge where a brother had been recommended for expulsion for holding intercourse with a clandestine lodge. Grand Lodge declared him suspended for one year, but before doing so some brethren undertook to champion his cause,

doubtless on the principle of helping the under dog in the fight. Very frequently the under dog gets there through his own fault, and is consequently not entitled to much sympathy. It was so in this case, and as Grand Master Murray put the matter before Grand Lodge in that practical way of his the suspension was carried.

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Past Grand Master Stevenson was as lively as a colt, and as full of humor as Bob Burdette. The cross-firing between him and Bro. Judge Macpherson was really amusing; but the Judge got even with the Colonel when the latter asked, "Where is Owen Sound?" The Judge's prompt reply, "I haven't time to educate our ignorant brother from Montreal," brought down the house. The Colonel took his medicine as cheerfully as a three-year-old takes soothing syrup, but later on he returned to the attack.

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He was at Grand Lodge. In the corridors of the hotel he buttonholed you; on the street corners he stumbled across you; in the Opera house he bored you, and your stay in the refreshment room was shortened by his boisterous babbling. Who was this ubiquitous personage? He graduated at the Temple of Tattle, where he displayed a talent for turbulence, and his chief aim in life is to be a retailer of gossip and a manufacturer of slander. The friendships he dissolves by his incessant chattering are numerous, and the mischief he causes by adroitly repeating portions of conversations is truly astonishing. Beware of the meddlesome gossipier, as he frequently, under the guise of brotherhood, causes you to drop a word or two, which he